

'S a long shout from Arcate to Vermont, the first state to free its slaves; but after Tiberlus and I had scuttled up to 'Frisco with our jeans filled with dross, we only lasted six months. Tib was a wise wizard in the open and could coax the average hyena to eat from his

theater sharp bypnotized us into backing an extravaganza, and in about the same month the sweet girlish grads are buying pink sashes and discovering Italy beyond the Alps we were on the waiting-list of the Down and Out houses, sleeping in a cup-like deprest to live indefinitely without being in touch of truth.

Then, to polish the climax, the manager bolted with the winter's receipts, left high and dry with only roses to

we must loaf, let's do it orderly."

swore I'd never desert him, providing lated with their neighbors. The very there opines that we, fresh from the of my paper, containing what we can h would square the railroads. And air seemed ancient and somnolent, as outer world, might supply the want remember of recent events. They as a conned passes to Vermont, when he used to be born, he decided it would be cheaper and more instructive to go home. I call Vermont my home, you know, as I never had a back. home and because 71h always swore I was a Green Mountain boy by adoption. Dear! dear! how loyal he was to that state! Always hankering to be there, and always threatening to quit being a busy bee to inaugurate an 'old home week.' No mountains were so green, you know, as the home mountains; no lakes were so clear as the home lakes; and no people were so kindly as the home people.

of my master,

"Perhaps in all our journeys my benefactor never met with a more grotesque and fanciful environment than awaited us there. Possibly the opera bouffe effects had remained dormant largely because the community, known as Home Valley, was off the line of any travel and was a neighbor only to a few struggling French hamlets, where the poorer and more illiterate Canadians grub a living from the rocky clearings. But one fact was soon to be evidenced: those in-

incentive to pry into the world beyond the rim of the rugged Dozen Hills. "To revert to the southern boundary of the state for three seconds. When we detrained I could see Tib was disappointed because the citizens didn't meet us at the station and ween on



tent and camped for the night.

palm. But a Frisco

"'It isn't on the time-tables,' murmured Tib; 'and yet human beings much perplexed at the situation. ditto the leading skirt, and we were dwell therein. We'll go down." "Utterly fagged out, we struck the

'ile's gone like an idle dream,' sighed Tib. meaning the manager. 'I hope all the box office change is foney and that the squaw sues him successfully for breach of promise. There's will, but one thing left, besides our honor. and that's to take a vacation. When you've get a half-Nelson on prosperity it doesn't pay to quit. But now that

"It wantly I fell on his neck and

Well, I'd been fed on that kind of dope so long that I expected trusty agrarians to crush each other under hoof in an effort to reach us when we stepped from the train and embarrass us with gifts. It's not surprising that I should fail to appreciate that Tib had seen less of this state than any other in the union. Nor did I realize that up on the edge of Essex county was a small settlement, utterly isolated from all railroads and highways. But it does please me tonight, as I pause and allow the phantoms of those times and scenes to troop by, to remember that every village is now reveling in and pondering over a wealth of newly acquired information, all due to the careless coming

land Crusoes Latt never possessed the

his last clean shirt and have the school children there to wave flags and sing 'Welcome Home.'

To be chemically correct, I couldn't see as he knew anyone in the state Finally he confessed that his parents had moved from Bellows Falls when he was three years old, yet he remained positive that if we went north and tarried in the older centers of civilization we'd find hosts of people who would oult their means of earning a livelihood to bask in the sun- sternly, and the other slunk back how long their people have been here. shine of his society. So we passed abashed. from one joint to another, discovering many Smiths, but not his Smiths, un- gray hairs, I've noticed, is not as the nothing would do but we must strong to-day as it was in the Rollo write, never heard of the great con- people simply hung around from one drill over the hills, towards Canada, where the black flies and grasshoppers have a life easement on the horizon.



The White-Whiskered , ease,

"I objected, for it was daily becoming harder to feed the army. But Tib laid in a stock of tinned stuff at the last crossroads store and, crying 'Excelsior,' we hiked on until we came to a range of knobs that aren't down on the map. Tib thought it was the boundary, and insisted that we surmount the barrier and squint our orbs at the Lady of the Snows. It was a tough climb, but at sundown we reached the ber. The prenatal influence got to was a most exact and honortop, where we pitched a small shelter | work, and all the children are perme- able man, but when it came to busiated with the stay at home germ. Why, ness he carefully locked up the Gold-

in Length and Cost \$400,000.

was stretched across the Hudson river It Weighed 200 Tons, Was One Mile at West Point to prevent the British fleet from making a second attack never had an equal since the first forges and the cost of it was placed iron barrier. With its aid West Point, New in which the last numbers reached new tariff is passed the price in future mammer struck upon the first anvii. at \$400,000.

WEST POINT'S GREAT CHAIN

tlers was so opposed to being discov-

ered and drafted that they never left

logs, about 16 feet long, pointed at the failed. ends to lessen their opposition to the When Benedict Arnold was plotting upon Kingston and Albany. It was other, the chain carried over them and

"The great chain is buoyed up," America-so strong that treachery wrote Dr. Thacher, "by very large was tried where force of arms had

as Deacon Durgin seemed to be the

"The head of each family was re-

boss Injun. We boarded with him.

became the strongest military post in burg and of New York city.

curiosity still remains. The mother er had left his property in fair conburg late in the afternoon and found in 'em, I guess. The French and half- dition, and the paper, some of it quite it to be a lost town, the habitat of the breeds they meet know nothing of fresh, some yellow with age, would hard up for news, about a half a cen- could use by doctoring it up.

TIBERIUS SMITH

HIS JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCE

By HUGH PENDEXTER

truded upon.

as associate editor.

PEXTRA. EXTRA

WAR BULLETIN

the strangers,' commanded grandpa, present generation doesn't even know

away.'

the bottom of the deck, we can make is a virgin field, a lost town. It will gested Tib.

"But why stay?' I mumbled, utterly those Alexander Selkirks had been sular campaign."

'riend,' I heard him say. Then to me 'Will they nibble?' I whispered.

of '61. They'll use us well if we'll week. The last very firmly.

enough to deal a few pictures from climb into the boat for the bait. This

up what the manager appropriated, I be like selling yesterday's extras in

den. Hasn't seen any one but French when a maiden, and you can brush up

at loss to comprehend any advantage cast away with dim memories of the

original forebear alive. They've never half of the nineteenth century. They

ness as to the events of the last 42 youd the narrow horizon. And yet

"They call the surrounding heights summer in their midst and furnish

years. You see, the first batch of set- they hungered for news!

they were in Canada. He's the only volumes of the vintage of the first reckon.

"I was surprised. The respect for a century.

"'Let me hold discourse with my

he whispered, 'If we can be mean

agree to stay through the summer."

books

something unusual.

BETWEEN

ens! how can we get news?"

TO STICK UP SOME BULLETINS.

"Silence. Reuben; let me talk to man is cloudy in his attic, and the yesterday. Why, it simply staggered

"Then the old man drew Tib aside It's true they've heard in a vague way to leave the dinky, squeaking press.

-I reckon he considered my striped of the Spanish-American war, but It was a mere leaflet, all reading mat-

shirt to be too frivolous-and con- they think it's a continuation of the ter. Old Deacon Durgin, with hickory

versed earnestly with him for some civil war. The battle of Gettysburg staff clutched in his withered hand,

time. Tib then joited his hat over his occurred yesterday; the name is new loafed in our office from morning un-

right ear, and I knew by that old to 'em. Jeff Davis is fleeing towards til night. Tib and I had to stand out

familiar sign that he had agreed to do Texas, and Sheridan is only 20 miles in the middle of the grass-grown lane

"The sublimity of it all dazed me.

"'Nibble!' he laughed. 'Why, they'll

the civil war broke out. Did it to es- The children and grandchildren had didn't mind paying over the gold; it

"Well, Tib told old Deacon Durgin

-that was the aged's name-that we

the Dozen Hills, as that's their num- real news. In private life Tiberius government was patriarchal, I reckon,

believe. List! This town is bedrid- the moon. I can set type, or use to gagement, I believe.' I objected.

know the civil war is over. The old in rounds and wrote as if it were but

"'Their neighbors can't read or interest the civil war excited. Those

flict, and so have told them nothing. day to another, waiting for the paper

em, sir.

"You see, they'd lost all idea of

now dimly appreciate the all-absorbing

when we wished to cook up some

"'What shall we give 'em next?' I

"That was before the naval en-

"'We are defying time,' reminded

warm, sassy ones.

inquired.

stay-at-home germ. I doubt if the

United States can furnish similar con-

ditions, ransack its borders as you

itants who came out to meet us were

" I should say we are two scampish

"'Not French? You must have wan-

"Tib told him how we'd been fish-

ing, and were strangers to the coun-

try; how we were tired of the world

dered far from your course to get

in surprise, and at last asked:

and would like to rest a bit.

garbed in the styles of half a century blurted.

of logs, and observed that the inhab- boy, think of it!"

tury behind. When they came here, "'I suppose they'll be willing for us "The fact that French and half- one of their number brought a small to visit the outside once in a while;" breed farmers had settled down in hand press, and they obtained paper I said to Tib, 'so that we can get the several communities within a radius through the French in Canada. But news."

of twenty miles did not detract from the original printer died long ago, and "'No,' he explained, 'we can't do these people's isolation, for they were no one can run it, so they've had no that. They are willing to give us \$50 we looked on the houses, built largely and get out a paper. Think of it, my reckon that before the useless \$20,000 are eaten up they will have become "'But a paper won't pay here,' I satiated with new laid information. They reckon on our being filled to the "'Not pay?' Tib replied, pityingly, brim with fresh recollections, and Rip Van Winkles and that this is a about \$20,000 in gold with them; dis-facts once a week. Now for issue dress-rehearsal,' observed Tib, as he trusted paper money, you know. It's number one of the Tiberian Weekly!'

rect the old press and toss off the I worked the daffy corner of my news once a week. I'll hire you now brain to the limit. Bless you, if you could have read Tib's edi-"'But news!' I cried. 'Good Heav- torial, comparing the merits of the two boats and wandering off into a "To think, he apostrophized the dissertation of the mechanism of a 90horizon, that he should lead that card horsepower racing motor car, and then "'If you stay you'll go back and tell after living with me all these years. my descriptive article of the fight

In the morning we beheld a small according to Old Time's testimony, en Rule and never allowed his vocal sponsible for his children's education. Indian allies. It was a tough proposisettlement of rudely constructed they abhor the outside world and hope chords to vibrate harshly at the rough and all could read and write. Although they looked down on their "Finally we were shown to a house neighbors as an inferior race, their extra was the beginning of the end for "'But what's that to us?" I gasped, of logs in the center of the settlement | brains panned out far below the aver- us? where the old handpress and some age. They had staguated and inter-"'Well,' murmured Tib, 'it seems rolls of paper were stored. The own-married so long that to deceive 'em the most arrant coward in the Hollow was as easy as stealing things off a stole off to mount the granite wall to Christmas tree. Tib greatly relished creating sensations, and one week in Home Hollow had ever done this what's gone on, or is going on, in the still take ink. We found a large quan- he sprung an extra in which incredistates; and consequently they are tity of the latter that Tib said he ble feats of valor were accorded to drawn to know the worst. I saw him both armies. The north and south set off, and at once decided to fade were clinched, hitting with one arm through the bushes in silent pursuit.

was the flercest thing I ever saw out known to any one. side a gilded ten-cent novel. He invented names of men and even states, of our blood and had never assimi- news for 40 years. The Dim Past a week apiece for one hundred copies and at the wind-up proclaimed in circus type that England was about to war-path. I kept him in sight until declare war against the north.

"'My boy,' he explained, with enthusiasm, 'what we want is a universal war. It pleases 'em to think everyone is fighting and that this is the only quiet spot on earth. Each Why, the original immigrants brought they only ask that we joit out a few battle redoubles their sense of security and isolation. It's our duty to make 'em happy. Besides, the more gravely bowed to an ancient master all here. Hardly a dollar has rolled "And what do you suppose Tib in characters in the play, the more scope piece whose face was covered with a over the hills. They can't use it; it's sisted I should feed out to them? you have, Nothing hampers a man luxuriant growth of breakfast food. no good to 'em. Their medium of ex- The battle between the Monitor so as facts. Get above sordid facts "The white-whiskered tease eyed us change is corn and beans. They'll and the Merrimac. Yes, sir; and and make history. Now, if I were you, think we're a godsend if we'll resur- where my memory played me false I'd ring in an army of Chinese assailing Jersey City. That will dovetail in with my chapter. Make the Chinks and English allies.

"As it was Tib's game, and as they seemed ready to swallow anything from an egg up to a family Bible, I dished up the next item in lurid style. remember it was a 'Very Special War Extra,' and I figured out about 40,000 dead on the field of battle when sable night spread her dusky wings o'er the plain. That last phrase was Tib's, and he admitted he had read it in a novel, but he maintained it was the best line ever in the paper.

"It would have done your heart good could you have seen Tiberius bustling out in front of our log house, paste-pot in hand, to stick up some bulletins on a tree. He really believed, I reckon, he was running a big paper, and I got so I took my work seriously. When he would announce that we were to issue an extra, I would fight my watch as if I only had five minutes to catch the press, and Tib would stand over me bawling out: 'Copy! Copy! Look alive, Billy! You've only two minutes!

women folks and declare: 'Mrs. spring from the press-room. Children are out of place in a great newspaper It didn't strike me as funny. I was sincerely provoked because the kids were swarming over the shop.

"I shall always remember the style of him when he'd dash out with his Longstreet was dead. Then he'd walk pertly back to the editorial room, along an' were brothers.' look over my shoulder and read in my description that Gen. Longstreet was beating a masterly retreat. Out he'd dash again and correct the first bulletin to read, 'Gen. Longstreet Is what you've seen, and a crowd of | Child'-and his voice took on the old | itself, you would feel proud of us. Not Dead." And all the while he'd curious folks will be tramping up here histriouic ring-we have 42 years of Talk about your red-hot lines from be humming some catchy lilt from a to look us over, objected a younger history to drag on. They don't even the shot-riddled buttlefield! I gave it last season's chorus.

> "Whenever we issued an extra we had the youngsters run about the Hollow shouting, 'Extry! Extry! North 'n' South in a death grapple! It is as if they had slumbered for half time. From observing them I can All about th' big battle. Seventeen hundred kilt!' And Tib would stand beaming in the doorway and murmur, 'Ah, but it's heartsome. If we only had some embalmed beef and a ripsnorting scandal! But it'll come. Patience, my boy, until we run out of embalmed history. Billy, see if we have another can of those preserved cavalry charges in the pantry. 1 guess we'd better feed 'em a little

hoof-work next." "Say, after working under that man you'd never want to return to humdrum again. Why, I got so I was afraid some one would spring my "'Capture of Fort Donelson,' sug- fairy news items ahead of me, and the joy of knowing I was first in the lane with an extra was never surpassed in Park Row. We became so keen in the back, where the dusk was chasing itgame that on several occasions we got and half-breeds since the tristful days your history. I shall issue once a my leader. But if you are squeamish out night extras. Yes, sir, we aroused and desire to observe a strict se those poor oblivious bipeds at three "And it's the blessed truth that quence of events, give 'em the Penin- o'clock in the morning, and they got up and read the latest intelligence by "I didn't recall much about this candle-light. Of course, the night excivil war for nearly fifty years: the campaign, but I foozled up some tras were only when the news was 'To earn a livelihood,' explained curtain had rung down for them when names, gave a list of 20 killed, and let | terrific and wouldn't keep until morn-

Tib. You antique migrated here when the north talked of drafting soldiers. it go. It took like hot cakes. They ing. "Only once did Deacon Durgin inter- said he was going back to square himcape the draft. He and a bunch of been taught to read from old hymnals was the least valuable of their posses- fere with our policy. That was when self, but he never did. And little we companions with their women folks and Webster's spelling-book. Their sions. If we'd asked for potatoes Tib wrote an editorial knocking free recked it would be a long, long time settled down in this well, believing literature consisted of a few ragged they would have coppered us to lose, I silver and declaring for a gold stand- before we gazed on the Green Mounard. The deacon insisted that when it tains again. So I do not know wheth-"One physical trait I noticed they came to the currency question, Home | er they yet live secluded and unknown written a letter or received a letter or feared the outside world. Every child all had in common. Where the bump Hollow wanted only a bean basis. He in Home Hollow, or whether they newspaper since coming here. Hence had been marked with an abnormal of observation should be, there were had no use for money, but a govern- have braved a fringe of the world. the newer generation is in plumb dark- dread of the menace that crouched be- hollows. Yes, sir, their brows had ment established on beans would out- But I do know that somewhere up a scooped-out effect and their fore- last the very hills, he said. We made there on the top edge of Essex county heads were ingrowing. The men that the issue of the presidential cam- is a community that waited nearly worked all day in the fields, and the paign, and it hit 'em keenly, sir. An half a century for Tiberius Smith to women spun and knit. They had unlimited currency of beans was their inform 'em that the civil war is a were annexed, and would abide the sheep and cows and plenty to eat in a slogan, and we supplied statistics to closed incident. rough-and-ready sort of a way. Their prove it was the only possible solution of the monetary problem.

"Shortly after that, Tib came to me and said: "'That last edition touched 'em, and nights.

touched 'em deeply, sir. Now, to thoroughly interest 'em, we must bring the danger nearer, and then by dispelling it, we'll earn their everlast ing thanks. Home Hollow must be threatened by an invasion.'

"Well, I got out a 'Very Special War Extra' at midnight, telling the fearful news. Hang me if it didn't brush 'em off their feet. The women wept and hid their children, while the men scuttled off to the thick woods whispering 'draft' to each other. I had made the army a combination of Chinks and Turks, with a sprinkling of horrible tion for a band of innocents to stub up against. But, do you know, that

"So strangely does fear operate that penetrate the valley beyond. No man Tib was absent in some other part "His description of the battlefield of the village, so my going was un-

"Well, the man crent up the rugged, peaceful slope as it he were trying to sneak by a party of Indians on the he reached the top. Then I saw him



Threw Up His Hands.

throw up his hands and sink to the ground. It scared me, I'll admit it. had been writing yellow stuff so long that I was quite hysterical. I guess it wouldn't have surprised me much if a gang of heathens had appeared on the summit with back hair down and scalping-knives up. At last

"The bearers were veterans of the north and south. The men who'd fought under him and agin him bared I had got him down to \$80, he acted their heads in mutual sorrer an' respect,' he slowly spelled out, and I realized he had hit upon a description bulletins. Frowning heavily, eyes of some military funeral. "The strife glittering with energy, he'd slap up an' anger of '61 was no more,' he cona wireless to the effect that Gen. tinued. 'The last few survivors of the Blue an' the Gray hobbled slowly

"Then it sunk into my brain that he had discovered our hoax and knew that the civil war had ended.

"With great stealth I made a beeline for the settlement, where I found Tib explaining the general situation to his amazed whiskers, the Deacon. Clutching his arm, I tore him away, saying to the old man it was important war news. Once aside, I whispered in my editor's ear that the game was up, and that freedom beckoned down the line.

"Tib quickly secured our small stock of gold, and, stealing out among the bushes we made for the mountain Soon we heard a great crackling of underbrush ahead of us. Drawing aside, we had the pleasure of seeing the scout making for the village, waving the fragment of the newspaper and crying loudly as he went. "'It's farewell to the Tiberian

Weekly,' sighed Tib. "'It's us to the misty highlands,"

added, and on we went. "Back of us we could hear a great outcry, but as we neared the top of the rocks it died away. It was now nightfall, and Tib paused and pointed self about the lowlands, and groaned, 'Look! They burn their only monument to liberty. They squelch the freedom of the press!'

"A bright blaze told where the office of the Tiberian Weekly was being sacrificed on the altar of an outraged

people. "And so we left 'em. Tib always

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Fox Kills Many Fowls.

A fox killed fifty-nine fowls in Pointon Fen, Lincolnshire, England, in two

Their Christmas Surprise



HIS year," Cartwright firmly, "there are going to be no Christmas surprises in my hapby home-none of those pleasant little attempts at playing Santa Claus which begin with suspense and effort and end in mortification and disappointment. I am going to take my wife down town and let her pick

out anything she wants within the limit of my spending capacity, and then I'm going to let her take me around and fix me up with a pair of embroidered suspenders or gold cuff links or any old thing she likes and that will make her happy. Neither of us has quite got over the effects of the last holiday season yet.

Such a system, it seemed to me, would be far more practical than the miscellaneous guessing. We had been doing with such decidedly poor re-

"You see, we had been married just long enough last Christmas to wear out our first installment of furniture, and most of our wedding gifts. Things were looking a little shabby around the house, so we both agreed that in selecting our little remembrances for one another we ought to confine ourselves to something which would be mutually useful and attractive. Both of us had been secretly longing for a Morris chair, one of those new mission things with big leather cushions that swallow you up in a delirium of comfort. Mrs. C. wanted it for the beauty of the library and her afternoon siestas and I wanted it for evening recreation. We also needed new portieres, a new rug, a lamp globe and dozens of other things to make our happy home "the complete house beautiful," but we were satisfied always to buy such things one at a time, and to get what we wanted at any price.

"Months before the Christmas season I began putting by a little sum weekly, with the Morris chair in mind. Two weeks before the 25th I went down to a dealer's to look at chairs. I had been looking casually for weeks before, but it was not until I came made a detour and crawled up to upon this particular shop that I dishim. Hang me if he wasn't reading a covered what I wanted. It was a portion of a newspaper that Tib had beauty in the darkest and finest of discarded from the sweat-band of his weathered oak, with all attachments hat when we first sighted the burgh. and a pair of fat, greeny-brown leath-"Then he'd turn to the clutter of As he read I could hear grunts of er cushions that fairly felt like pipe surprise and exclamations of anger. dreams, laced with leather strappings Whitten, you must remove your off- I recognized him as Reuben, the and tied to the woodwork with young man who had originally ob- thongs. The minute I saw the chair jected to our tarrying in the Hollow. I knew it was for me; but the price wanted \$95 for it at first, and when as though he thought he were giving the thing away. I thought it best to hold out a little, so I merely requested that he give me a day's option on the chair, and paid a small deposit for the privilege.

Meanwhile my wife had been saving every penny, cutting down on the grocery bill and keeping me on cheap meats with Christmas in view. It seems that she, too, had a Morris chair on the brain. On the afternoon of the same day on which I discovered my prize, she strolled into the same shop. The first sight of the chair was enough for her, and she offered to buy it on the spot. The dealer was inconsolable. He had sold the chair, he believed, at least he had given a gentleman an option on it, and the gentleman had paid a deposit, but if madam would leave her name something might be done.

When my wife spelled out her cognomen for him he lifted his eyebrows in astonishment. That was exactly the name and those were the initials of the gentleman who had already spoken for the chair. My wife thought for a moment. Then she controlled her emotions and merely remarked that such coincidences were quite common, and walked out without leaving her address.

"Next day I hied me to the dealer's quickly prepared to leave my order for the chair. But the dealer did not seem half so inclined to sell. A lady had been there it seems-a lady of my own name, with the same initials -odd, was it not?-who was willing to give the full price for the article. Then it was my turn to think. On the whole, I decided I did not want the chair after all. If Ellen wanted to buy it, I'd let her have that pleasure. The man seemed glad to give me back my deposit and that was the last I saw of that Morris chair.

"Christmas morning we both fussed about the house expectantly. I wondered where on earth Ellen was keeping my Morris chair. After breakfast unloaded a pair of green portieres I had bought for her. As the wrappings came off I saw her face fall. Then she went over to a corner and produced an exactly similar bundle and unrolled another pair of green portieres-for

"'B-but,' I stammered. I thought you bought a Morris chair!' "I! O John, didn't you buy it

after all? "And then, in the light of our understanding, we wept on one another's shoulders."

Her Secrets.

Wife-Have you and secrets you keep from me, dearest? Husband-None, darling.

have none from you either. Husband-You have secrets, then? Wife-Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it.

Wife-Then I am determined I will

Husband (hoarsely)-Go ou! Wife-For several days I have had a secret-a secret longing for a new dress with hat to match for Christ-

mas. That fetched him.

LIMIT ADVERTISING PAGES

them. Nearly all the advertising pages | cannot be less than 30 cents.

Australia has placed a heavy duty | were torn out by rude force. This was on all magazines containing advertis- done by the agents with the permisforce of the current. The logs are the surrender of West Point he wrote ing matter in a proportion of more sion of the minister of customs, who placed at short distances from each Andre and said: "I have ordered that than one-fifth of the general contents. has granted the publishers four From an ironmaker's point of view nearly a mile in length and weighed made fast to each by staples. There the greatest achievement during the almost 200 tons, many single links are also a number of anchors dropped chain and taken to the smith for re- first results of the new tariff. Sub- ments. The Melbourne manager of revolutionary period was the making being as heavy as an ordinary-sized at proper distances with cables made pair." The chain, however, remained scribers to many popular monthlies are one well-known magazine says that it of the great West Point chain. This man. To complete it in six weeks 60 fast to the chain, to give it greater in place till the end of the war and writing to the Melbourne papers, in- has hitherto been sold in Australia at massive chain, which has probably men hammered day and night at 17 stability." No British ship passed this links of it are still to be seen in the dignantly complaining of the condition 12 cents, but if this provision in the